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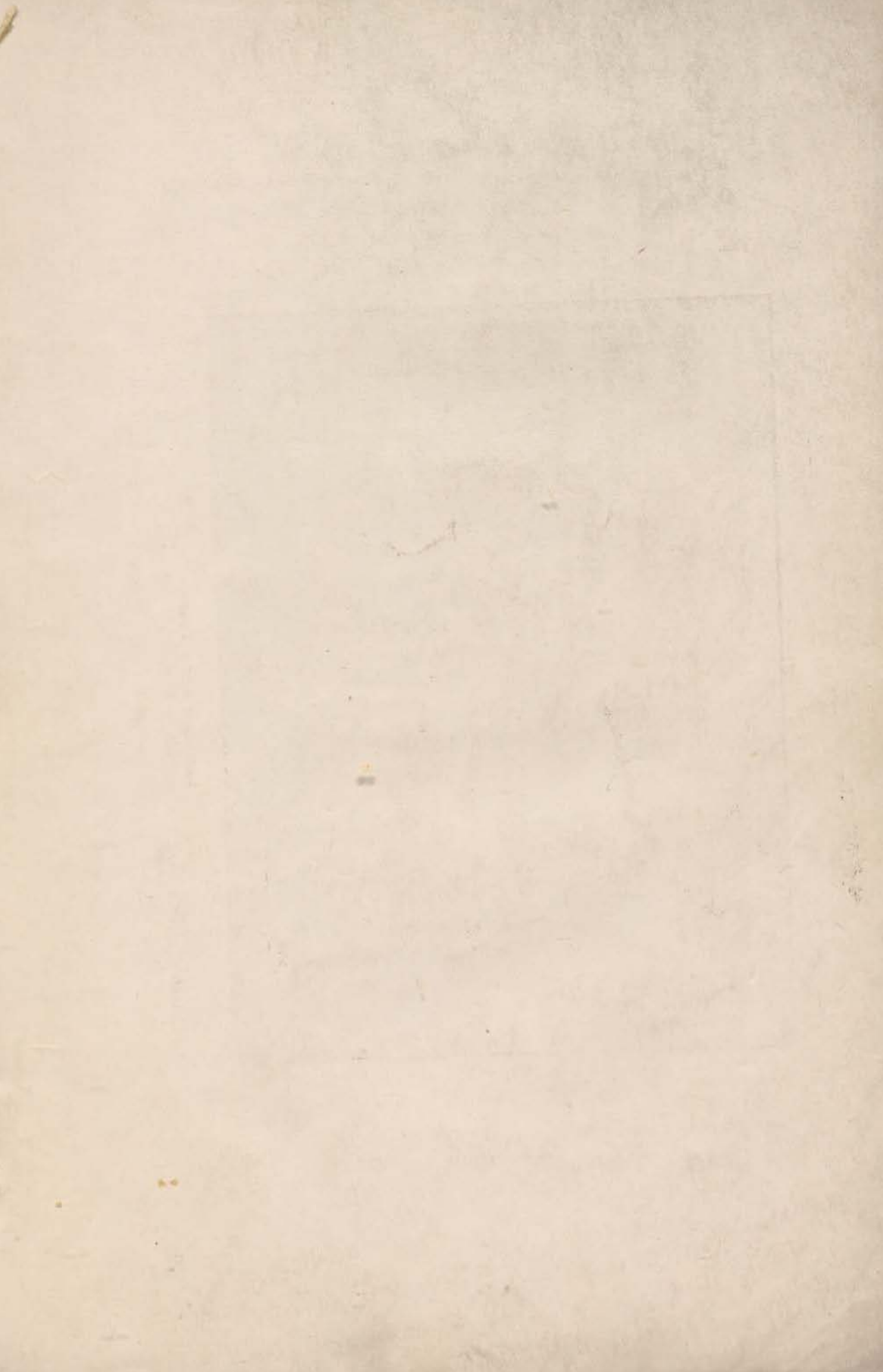
ASSUMPTION COLLEGE REVIEW

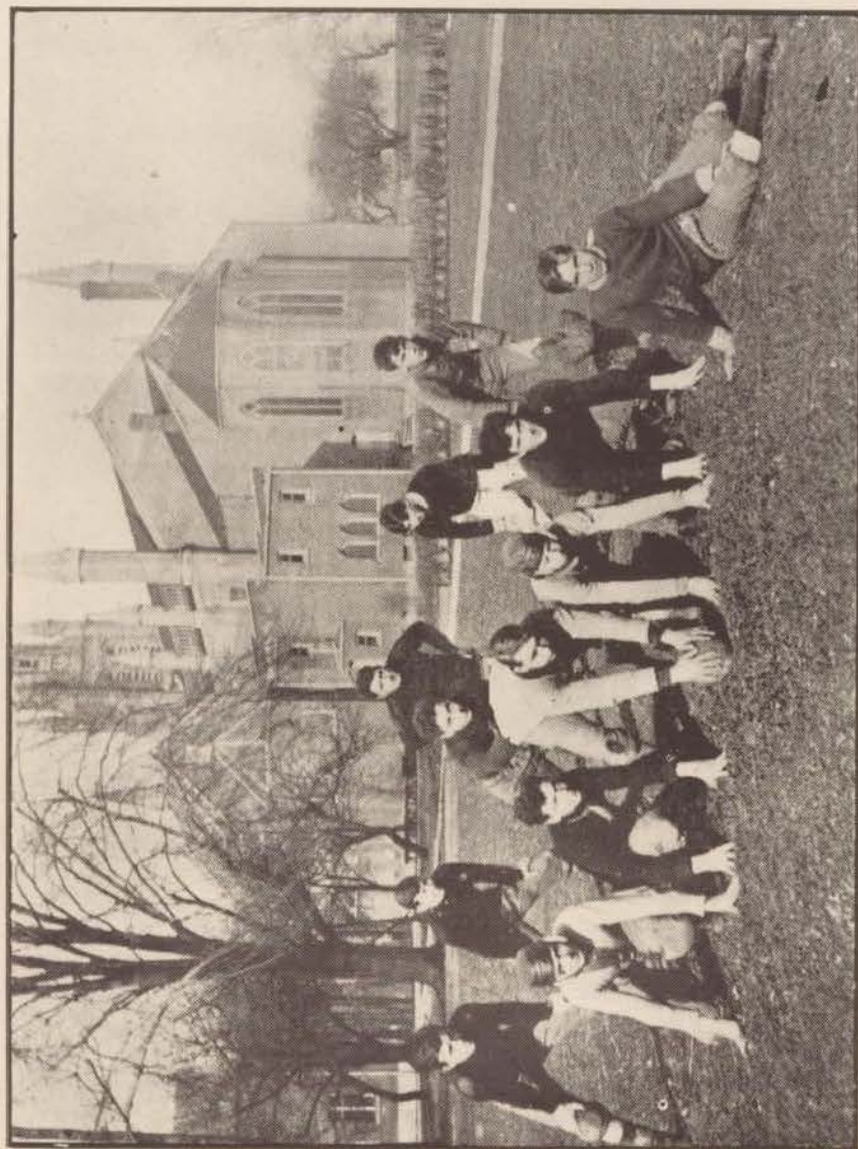
Sandwich, Ontario

DECEMBER, 1909.

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Belvedere Rugby Team.

I. Fitzmaurice, T. Murray, H. McGinnis, W. Buckholz, C. Dalton
 E. Welty, J. Fillion, N. Brennan, V. Christi, R. Roehrig, E. Harrick, L. Mailloux.

The meek and humble cattle stand,
Their heads hung low in shame,
To know that in the great wide land
To which the Saviour came,
Is found no man to praise the Infant's name.

At last the shepherds angel-sent
Are seen within the cave,
Their knees in adoration bent,
They give what gift they have
Though 't is but humble homage, simple, naive.

The star-invited eastern guests
Now kneel upon the ground,
Content that after many guests
At last their God is found
Though majesty in earthly mantle 's gown'd.

The Infant now comes from above
As in the days of old,
His parents too for Him with love
Seek shelter from the cold
In hearts conform'd to virtue's holy mold.

And many turn Him cold away
And quick refuse Him room,
But few there are who bid Him stay
In hearts where virtues bloom
And love's bright ray dispells all sinful gloom.

If yours has been the stranger's part
Oh now make manifest
Some love for Him. Adorn your heart,
Make it a palace blest
Where the Infant-Christ may find eternal rest.

—C. A. BATES, '11.

Alumni Sermon.

Preached by J. V. Tobin, London, Ont.

Wisdom is better than all the most precious things and whatsoever may be desired cannot be compared with it.

—Ps. 15, 4-6.



quarter of a century is no brief period of time, and yet a quarter of a century and more has gone since first I set foot within the venerable walls of this historic seat of learning. Little did I think when romping over the campus in those distant days that I should one day stand in the sanctuary of a magnificent new chapel to address some of my fellow-students mingled with a congregation of students then unborn. But the unexpected has happened, and here I am an elder son of old Assumption standing before her latest born and not a few of her children of an earlier day returned to gladden the heart of their Alma Mater, to revisit this old familiar spot and to greet once more the friends of the olden time.

There is no lesson my dear friends, more frequently inculcated in the Old Testament and in the New than the obligation of gratitude towards God for all His favors, both temporal and spiritual—gratitude towards all benefactors. And one of the gravest accusations made against the Jews by Our Blessed Lord was that they were ungrateful to that God who had loaded them with favors. And that ingratitude in the course of time stopped for them the flow of all heavenly gifts, as the Wise Man had foretold when he said: "The hope of the ungrateel shall melt away as the winter's ice, and shall run off as unprofitable water." Now it is precisely to foster in our hearts the opposite spirit of gratitude towards God and our Alma Mater that we, the Alumni of this college assemble here each year to offer to Him who is the Giver of every good and perfect gift the great sacrifice of thanksgiving—

the Holy Mass. Soon you will hear the celebrant of the Mass in the stately and solemn chant of Holy Church proclaim: "Vere dignum et justum est aequum et salutare nos tibi semper et ubique gratias agere, Domine Sancte, Pater Omnipotens Aeterne Deus, per Christum Dominum Nostrum." Here we have what should be the keynote of the whole celebration of to-day and especially of the religious part of it in which we are now engaged—namely, the rendering of thanks.

You students of to-day may not be able to see what particular reasons you have for gratitude. Some of you may even think that your lot is a hard one and may be longing for the day and the hour of your deliverance. Well, you are young yet and your judgment is immature, and so you may be excused for harboring such sentiments. Not so with us of riper years and riper judgment. When we look back on our student days, down the perspective of the years, we cannot but see how much we owe to this grand old institution of learning and to the learned, devoted, self-sacrificing professors under whom we studied. For it was here that we gained that knowledge and received that training which fitted us for our life's work in the church, in the state, in the professions of law or medicine, in the busy marts of commerce or wherever Divine Providence has placed us. And best of all here it is that we were rooted and grounded in that faith in God, in Christ and the teachings of His Holy Church without which it is impossible for us to please God and save our souls. Here we have learned how to conquer the evil habits of boyhood's days and to acquire habits of virtue. Here we have put off the things of a child and put on the things of a man. But it were a hopeless task to enumerate all the reasons why our hearts should overflow this day with gratitude to God and our Alma Mater. All these reasons may be gathered up and compressed into this one brief sentence. Here we have received that sound Catholic education which has made us what we are.

I do not think, my dear friends, in fact I am sure, that there is not anything in this world which can compare in value with a good Catholic education. "Wisdom," says the sacred text, "is better than all the most precious things, and whatsoever may be desired cannot be compared with it." "She is an infinite treasure to men." And it is by a christian education that we secure that wisdom. Perhaps the best way to see and appreciate the value of that education which we have received or are now receiving within these walls is to look out upon the world and note the divisions, the rivalries, the selfishness, the poverty, the misery, the wretchedness, the suffering and the crime which have been caused and are still being caused by a faulty education, an irreligious education. Who can count the evils which have followed in the train of the great religious revolution of the sixteenth century? Now one of the causes which contributed largely to the rise and rapid spread of the Protestant heresy was the system of education at that time in vogue in a great part of Europe. It is indeed true that the century before Luther's rebellion is justly called the golden age of the Renaissance which began with the accession of Nicholas V. to the throne of Peter in the year 1446. But like most good things the Renaissance was abused. "The rich mines of ancient lore which it opened up were developed by many scholars not so much for their priceless charms of thought and word as for the shocking obscenities in which they abounded," as an eminent American Jesuit father remarks. And thus it happened that side by side with the christian Renaissance there stole into existence a stream of heathen tendency which deepened and widened as the years rolled by and did so much to prepare the world for the catastrophe of the 16th century. As early as the first quarter of that century this spirit of neopaganism had permeated all the great universities and schools of higher learning in Italy and elsewhere in Europe, particularly in Germany. For nearly two hundred years the propagators of this pernicious system of educa-

tion sought the attainment of its one desideratum—the complete re-enthronement of pagan thought, pagan morals and pagan manners. This evil spirit was holding high carnival in all the halls of learning in Europe when the summons to revolt was sounded. It needed but a master hand to guide its misdirected energies. It found that master hand in the gifted but proud and dissolute Monk of Wittenberg. You know the sequel. How the air became charged with the spirit of revolt—revolt against all authority, civil, ecclesiastical and divine; how the flame of internecine strife was everywhere enkindled; how the blighting influence swept over all northern Europe destroying almost every vestige of Catholicity and with it the priceless creations of Catholic genius in literature, painting, sculpture and architecture, and leaving wreck and ruin and devastation in its wake. Since the days of which I speak, my friends, the false principles of the reformation and of the godless system of education which it adopted as its own, have gone on working themselves out to their logical and inevitable conclusion. This result has been, from a religious point of view, the multiplication of sects upon sects, each going a little farther than its predecessor in rejecting the teachings of Christ, until to-day Christ Himself is rejected by ever increasing numbers, and the great majority are wholly impervious to all religious truth. They are rationalists and materialists whose minds and hearts' desires stop at the confines of this world. Writing on this subject recently one of our Canadian Bishops said: "Society to-day reveals to an attentive observer the symptoms of a two-fold malady, the pride of reason, on the one hand rejecting authority and the holy teachings of faith; and on the other hand an unbridled materialism, blinding souls to supernatural truths and dragging them down to the satisfying of sensual cravings." Cast a glance, also, my friends, at the social and political evils which afflict almost the whole of Europe to-day and in a lesser degree our own fair land of Canada and the great American Republic to which so

many of you owe allegiance. They are almost countless in number and appalling in their awful significance. There is the popularity and rapid spread of socialistic ideas, there is the boldness and strength of anarchism and the frequent deeds of violence committed by its disciples, the murders without end, the prevalence of suicide and suicide clubs, the widespread degradation of the female sex, the infamous traffic in women, the divorce evil, the immoralities and the profligacies which flaunt themselves on every hand, the corruption of the modern stage, the indecency of modern fiction and modern journalism, the venality of courts, municipal corporations and even of legislatures, the grasping of politicians and officials both public and private, the antipathy and hatred existing between capital and labor and so on almost ad infinitum. Now where are we to find the root of all these evils? They all flow, my friends, from the fact that the non-Catholic world has forsaken Christ and His teaching. And men have forsaken Him because they have divorced religion from education. They have driven God and His Christ from the school-room. They have trained the intellects of the young at the expense of their hearts. The result is intellectual pride and free rein given to the concupiscence of the eyes and the concupiscence of the flesh.

With this picture before you, my friends, you can better realize the benefits of a Catholic education such as is imparted by this excellent institution. For half a century and more Assumption College has stood upon this historic spot, raising aloft the torch of true learning and shedding its radiance and its benign influence over this western peninsula and over more than one state of the Union. During that time thousands of students have thronged these halls and drank of the fountains of knowledge here forever flowing. Hereby they have received a good commercial or classical education which has fitted them for careers in the world or for entrance into the seminary or the university. And it is a well known fact that the graduates of this college have always taken a

high standing in the schools of higher learning which they have entered. And many of them have occupied and are to-day occupying positions of honor and trust in the land—in the church, and in the different walks of life. But the students of to-day and of the years to come will enjoy still greater advantages. Many changes have been made in the last decade and particularly in the present year, and others are contemplated which will give the graduates of this college a better standing in educational circles and enable them to secure those titles of distinction in art and science, which, rightly or wrongly, count for so much in the literary and scientific world of our day.

But, my friends, the chief glory of this seat of learning is that the education which it imparts is thoroughly Catholic. Here the soul is recognized as the noblest part of that composite being whom we call man, and hence training goes hand in hand with mental culture. And the graduates of this college, if they are honest students whilst here, go forth from these walls well versed in the elementary, dogmatic and moral teachings of the Church. This gives them, if ecclesiastical students, a good foundation on which to rear the superstructure of that knowledge of divine things which it is the office of the Catholic seminary or university to impart. And I am glad to be able to say that many of the most able and devoted priests of this and neighboring dioceses on both sides of the international boundary have made their preparatory studies in this college.

And even in the case of students destined for secular avocations, what an advantage it is for them to possess a good Catholic training! It gives them correct views of life, it enables them to distinguish what is true from what is false in that voluminous literature of the day which is pouring forth from the presses of the world with marvellous rapidity, it enables them to give reasons for the faith that is in them and to answer the objections raised against it by non-Catholics, it saves them from the fads and the fancies of the day, and from the snares which

beset the feet of the unwary on life's highway, it makes them valiant and valuable allies of the priest in his labors for the spread of the truth, the extirpation of error and the correction of the numerous ills of life. In a word it makes them loyal and true sons of the Church whose lives give glory to God, diffuse around them the good odor of Christ, bring honor to themselves and the Catholic cause, are a help and inspiration to others in the battle of life and realize the desire of the Divine Master when He said: "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father who is in Heaven."

And now, my friends, as a parting word I would say to the Alumni here present: Pour forth your grateful thanks to-day for that pearl without price which God has given you through the hands of your Alma Mater, the sound Catholic education which you possess. Prove your gratitude by being ever faithful to the teaching and traditions of Holy Mother Church, and by being generous benefactors of the college. You, who are the anointed of the Lord, be true to the duties of your sublime vocation and in order that you may the better discharge these duties and make your ministry more fruitful, especially for the starving souls without the fold, strive every day to increase your store of knowledge both human and divine, mindful of the fact that knowledge is power.

And you, who are laymen, be true sons of your great spiritual mother. Do not hide your light under a bushel but take an intelligent interest in the religious and social questions of the day. Do not criticize the church and her clergy, but be their helpers and lieutenants in their endeavors to make this a better world and to solve the many serious and perplexing problems which are clamoring for solution in this 20th century of ours.

And you, aspirants to the priesthood, the rising hope and joy of the Church in Western Ontario and the contiguous States, make the best of your golden opportunities. Remember that never since the dawn of Christian-

ity did the Church stand in such need of learned and zealous priests as she does to-day. The knowledge of the age determines what is demanded of the Catholic scholar and, a fortiori, of the Catholic priest. And we are living in an age when knowledge has become almost universal, whether we consider the subjects that are being investigated or the number of thinkers and investigators. Yes, my friends, one of the striking characteristics of our day is the spread of education and the investigation of the most hidden and inaccessible things of earth and sea and sky and empyrean. Men no longer care for the bliss there may be in ignorance and those who now despise knowledge are as far from the life and thought of this century as those whose bones crumbled to dust a thousand years ago. It is, indeed, true that increase in knowledge brings in its train incidental evils just as progress in civilization multiplies our wants, but the wise are not therefore tempted to seek to remedy these evils by vain attempts to stop the flow of the springs of knowledge or to cure the speculations of the human mind. There is only one antidote for the evils which spring from enlightenment of mind, namely, greater enlightenment of mind.

Yes, my young friends, the watchword of the present age of the world is light—"let there be light," let there be more and more light on all things. True, sometimes men imagine that they have discovered light when they are but enveloped in a darkness which almost destroys their sense of vision. But as He who is the Light of the world says—"If then the light that is in thee be darkness how great shall the darkness itself be?" Better light that is darkness than utter darkness. But be ye the enemies of all darkness and the friends of light—of that light which enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world. Fit yourselves by arduous study and patient research for apostles of light and leading. Put ye on the armor of light and equip yourselves well for the battle against the spirits of darkness, error and superstition. Be ready for any foe with answers that will convince the wise

-

as well as the unwise. Remember that proof for the peasant is not proof for the philosopher, and the number of philosophers, or at least of those who pose as such to-day, is very great. Delve deep then into the secrets of every art and science taught in this home of the arts and sciences. Pay particular attention to the study of the Holy Scriptures, the history of the Church and Catholic Philosophy, mental and moral. Let it be your ambition to become learned and holy priests, priests after God's own heart, that when you take your place in the big world outside, in the midst of the noisy, hurrying, seething crowds you may be able to arrest their attention, to make an impression on them and thus be no little help to the Church in her fight against the evils of to-day, in her battle for freedom, for the triumph of truth and justice over error and oppression, for the rights of God and the rights of men.

To the Old Year.

With sentiments akin to sorrow's hue,
I bid farewell to this departing year,
And yet, if I reflect, it will appear
That I am ever bidding things adieu.
For all my time—the days and months, years too,
And all my hopes and tender dreams so dear,
My many friendships and my loves sincere—
All come to naught and pass beyond my view.

And I myself will pass and disappear
(For I am but the creature of His will)
And though I know that time is shortly o'er,
I certain feel that what now sees so clear
The unreality of time, will still
Be real, when time itself shall be no more.

—C. A. BATES, '11.

The Conversion of Hugh O'Donahue.

(Continued from the November Number.)



HE unscrupulous proprietor of the Clermont was only too willing to sell Hugh what he desired. In his nervous condition a few glasses of liquor easily sufficed to deprive the young men of his reason. He staggered out of the building about eight o'clock and set off on a ramble down the street. After wandering about for some time he returned to the inn and purchased a few more drinks. He emerged again and, unmindful of his horse which was tied near at hand, he started in the direction of his home on foot.

He pursued a zig-zag course down the country road until he came to a four-corners. Instead of turning east, as he should have done, he took the opposite direction. After another weary hour's walking he arrived at the cemetery where James was next day to be buried. He entered the ground and began searching for the grave of his grandmother. Many sunny summer afternoons in his youth had found him there, but those days had long since passed. Tonight, however, he had determined to seek out the place which was the favorite haunt of his tender years. Having found the spot he desired, he stopped beside it. Opposite him was the newly dug grave that the remains of his brother were soon to occupy. The heap of dirt which had been thrown out was crowned by a large oval stone about a foot and a half long and eight inches in diameter. It was the same stone that twenty-five years before he had seen chipped at his grandmother's funeral. That very day it was once more found in the way by the grave-digger and had been removed only by much hard labor.

Hugh stood for a few moments gazing with a drunken stare at the tombstone on which was inscribed Old Gran-

ny O'Donahue's epitaph. Then he stepped directly across the grave and examined the newly thrown up earth and the large stone. There had been a thaw during the day and the ground was muddy. Suddenly he slipped and began to slide down the pile of dirt into the open grave. Vainly he grasped for some support to hold himself up. Just as his knees passed over the edge he caught the large stone. It yielded, however, and he tumbled backward into the hole. The stone rolled in after him and landed endwise on his leg just below the knee. It dropped to one side and loosened a patch of the clay which formed the sides of the grave. A sharp pain ran through Hugh's leg and then overcome with exhaustion he lapsed into unconsciousness.

Since the cemetery was at a great distance from any residence, there was little hope of any help being brought him before the next day. It was now about ten thirty and there would be no traffic until morning. Hugh was lying with his face nearly buried in the mud. His leg had been broken and the dirt which the stone had loosened had partially buried him. Would he die in this pitiable condition? Or would some happy thought inspire some one to come to his assistance? No one knew of his whereabouts, for all in the village would think he had gone home. His swaggering figure had long been a common spectacle on the streets, and, though the news of his brother's death had spread, no one would think anything of his being intoxicated even at such a time. He was considered to be a heartless vagabond whom nothing in this world, nor in the world to come could move. He had never done anyone a kindness and no one would be interested enough in him to see whether he reached home alive. He had but one "friend,"—should we not rather say evil genius—the proprietor of the Clermont. This man cared neither for law nor order, so that he thought nothing of selling Hugh liquor at any time, even when death had fallen upon his nearest relatives.

After an hour or two Hugh began to revive. He

gradually regained consciousness and realized that he was seriously injured. His leg pained violently and the cramped position in which he was lying added to his misery. He tried to turn over but the pain only increased. Twice he failed in the attempt, but the third time he succeeded in twisting around so as to be lying on his back. In doing so he wrenched the injured leg and gave forth a cry of pain. He gazed up at the stars. "Where am I," he said to himself. "Let me see. Jim got killed. When was it? Last night? No, it was last week. No, it was last night. Then I went to town. My leg! my leg! I fear it is broken. Where am I? Ah, yes, the pile of dirt. The big stone. I fell. Oh, if I had some whiskey to warm me up. It's so cold. Where was I last? O, yes, in the cemetery. There was a grave beside old Granny's, a newly dug one. I wonder whose it was. That's right. I forgot to say a prayer for Old Granny this afternoon. It's the first summer afternoon I've forgotten since I began to come every day."

And so Hugh's mind wandered from his earliest years until the moment he had fallen into the grave. He began to feel around and finally placed his hand into the cavity in the side of the grave. The clay had fallen out in a large piece and left an opening into the grave of his grandmother. A quarter of a century had done its work and now nothing remained save the bones encased in the old rotten wood where the stone had smashed the side of the box. Hugh felt around at arm's length into the old grave. Suddenly his hand touched a piece of metal. He held it and drawing back his hand he began to examine it. It proved to be a disk about the size of a silver dollar.

Hugh gazed at it in the hazy light of the morn which shone into the grave. Then on a sudden he recognized it. It was the medal with which his old grandmother had often amused him and which had been buried with her. And then again his leg began to pain severely and so to relieve it he tried to sit up. The attempt was fu-

tile, however, and overcome with weakness and the cold he sank back into the mud still grasping the medal.

For some time he lay still in a semi-conscious condition and then revived again. As he opened his eyes and stared up at the edge of the grave he was greeted by a singular spectacle. For there stood before him an aged woman clad in black and holding up her hand in a mystic manner. Before he thought of himself Hugh exclaimed "Granny is that you?"

"Yes, my dear Hugh," said she, "I am your old grandmother. I have not forgotten my dying words to you and doubtless you have not either. When I spoke those words I foresaw this night. I saw that there would be a time when you, whom I loved more than anything else in this world, would cease to be an innocent child, when you would disgrace your father, your mother and your old grandmother, when you would forget your God and sell yourself to His arch enemy. I saw all this and my heart went out in pity for you. I told you that I would never forget you but would do all in my power for you. You have been warned repeatedly. The hand of the Almighty fell on your brother for less than you have done and yet you persist in your sins. Now one from her grave warns you. You hold in your hand the medal of Her, who would help you to change your life. Pray, be converted, do penance and I shall pray for you."

At this she vanished. Then Hugh realized it all. Here was the fulfilment of the prophecy which had been made a quarter of a century before! How foolish he had been not to see that God had often warned him and he had rejected the admonitions! What if he should reform now! "Ah, it is too late," he thought, "there can never be mercy for me now. And yet, and yet, she said the Blessed Virgin would help me. Perhaps she will. O Mary, refuge of sinners, pray for me."

Then once more he dropped back exhausted. Would he die before morning? The night was so cold that it seemed death was inevitable.

* * * *

The following morning the funeral procession entered the cemetery. Helen and Mrs. O'Donahue overcome with the grief at James' death, and prostrated with anxiety for Hugh, had remained at home on the advice of their friends. We may imagine the surprise of those who first arrived at the open grave. At the bottom of it lay a man, apparently dead, with a pile of dirt and a large stone upon him and holding a medal in his stiff hand. He was quickly brought to the surface and identified. As soon as possible good Fr. Tom was at his side. Owing to his unconscious condition, however, little spiritual aid could be given him. A doctor who happened to be on the scene rendered what medical assistance he could and then gave orders that Hugh be taken home as quickly as possible. He was then placed in a buggy and conveyed posthaste to the O'Donahue farm house. When the doctor had him placed in bed he proceeded to examine him. The leg had been broken in two places. This compound fracture and the exposure had left little vitality in Hugh. The doctor however managed to revive him and set the leg. Little hopes were entertained for his recovery, but after three long weary weeks Helen and Mrs. O'Donahue were gladdened by seeing him begin to improve.

Need we say that after passing through such signal adventures Hugh O'Donahue returned once more to the practice of all that was good?

THE END.

—W. J. FLANAGAN, '12.

The Alumni Meeting.



ON Nov. 11th, the Alumni met in the College for the Alumni Day exercises. Several of the old students came the evening before to witness the dramatic production of "The Cross of St. John's," which Father Howard had prepared for the occasion. As usual, the exercises opened with High Mass. The officers of the Mass were: Rev. L. Brancheau, Lansing, Mich., Celebrant; Rev. E. Kelly, Ann Arbor, Mich., Deacon; Rev. R. L. Marker, Dearborn, Mich., Sub-deacon; Rev. M. O'Neil, London, Ont., Master of Ceremonies, and Rev. D. O'Connor, Windsor, Ont., Thurifer.

Rev. J. Tobin, London, Ont., preached the sermon of the occasion. It has seldom been the good fortune of the Alumni to hear so scholarly an address. The sermon will be found in another part of the REVIEW.

After the Mass, the Alumni and students gathered in the spacious College refectory to partake of the excellent banquet which is so necessary a part of an enjoyable home-coming. When the cigars had been passed around Very Rev. F. O'Brien, President of the Alumni Association, who acted as toastmaster, called on Very Rev. Monsignor Meunier, Windsor, Ont., to respond to the toast to the Pope. He graphically reviewed the work done at the Canadian Plenary Council, of Quebec, where he had lately spent some weeks. He dwelt particularly on the manifestation of the loyalty and solid catholicity exhibited by the Catholic laymen of that historic city.

Rev. M. Comeford took occasion in replying to the Alumni to describe the work which a zealous priest can perform for the salvation of souls and instanced what had been done during several years of constant fidelity to duty among the green grassy hillsides of Pinckney. Some of the graduates had attained distinction; but they were few,

who might be likened to the ornamental letters which have no meaning, but that the rank and file gave meaning to the page. Great applause and prolonged laughter followed this address.

Dr. Amyot sent word at the last moment that he could not be present to tell something about the "Old Boys," and Father Ferguson consented to replace him. The venerable professor assured the old students of the love he felt for the old boys, especially those of them who had been most active in making the "garden" a thing of beauty. He found that those who had been good gardeners were successful workers in the Lord's vineyard.

Speaking for the "College Staff," Rev. W. Roach, of the College, welcomed the assembled guests and dwelt at some length on present conditions in the College, and urged the Alumni to show their loyalty to their Alma Mater by sending students, "For," said he, "a large attendance ensures the future success of the College."

Mr. Manion Kane responded to the toast, "The Present Students." He said that the presence of so many distinguished guests on this day was an inspiration to them to emulate the success of those who had preceded them in the places they now occupied, and that the students of to-day were grateful for the example set by their elders. He concluded his address with the toast, "May the students of to-day continue to bring honor to the halls of old Assumption by observing sacredly the hallowed traditions of the past."

The Very Rev. President, Father Forster, then concluded the addresses by repeating the welcome extended by a previous speaker, and reminding the audience that Sandwich had its points of interest as well as Quebec.

At 2.30 p. m. the Alumni assembled in the Students' Library for the executive work of the day. Very Rev. Father O'Brien occupied the chair. Reports were made by the Secretary of the Association and the Business Manager of the COLLEGE REVIEW. The reports of the collectors for the chapel fund, who had been appointed at the last

meeting, were then made and showed encouraging results. Rev. R. Command was chosen to replace Rev. J. Hally in the Detroit district, and Rev. J. O'Rafferty to replace Rev. L. Brancheau in the Lansing deanery. The officers of the Association continue in office for another year. It was urged on the members' attention that they send to the Secretary, Rev. T. Moylan of the College, the names and addresses of any old students whom they happen to know.

Among those who attended the meeting were the following:

Very Rev. E. Meunier, Windsor, Ont.; Very Rev. F. O'Brien, Kalamazoo, Mich.; Rev. F. VanAntwerp, Detroit, Mich.; Rev. E. Kelly, Ann Arbor, Mich.; Rev. M. Comford, Pinckney, Mich.; Rev. J. J. M. Aboulin, C.S.B., Detroit, Mich.; Rev. L. Brancheau, Lansing, Mich.; Rev. J. Tobin, London, Ont.; Mr. J. Burk, Amherstburg, Ont.; Rev. F. Semande, C.S.B., Rev. Fr. Fuma, C.S.B., Amherstburg, Ont.; Rev. E. McCormick, Detroit, Mich.; Rev. D. Needham, Whiteford, Mich.; Rev. M. O'Neil, London, Ont.; Rev. P. McKeon, London, Ont.; Rev. D. Forster, Mt. Carmel, Ont.; Rev. J. B. Collins, C.S.B., Detroit, Mich.; Rev. J. O'Rafferty, Durand, Mich.; Rev. D. O'Connor, Windsor, Ont.; Rev. Fr. Nacy, Grosse Pointe, Mich.; Rev. J. Klich, Detroit, Mich.; Rev. Fr. Beaudoin, Walkerville, Ont.; Mr. L. Snitgen, Westphalia, Mich.; Mr. J. Grenan, Toronto, Ont.; Prof. A. Langlois, Detroit, Mich.; Rev. J. Dunn, Parkhill, Ont.; Rev. E. Glémet, River Rouge, Mich.; Rev. R. Dillon, Fenton, Mich.; Rev. T. Conlon, Tiffin, Ohio; Rev. Fr. Brown, Kalamazoo, Mich.; Rev. Fr. Krebs, Detroit, Mich.; Rev. J. Stapleton, Detroit, Mich.; Rev. Fr. McCabe, Maidstone, Ont.; Rev. D. Egan, Stratford, Ont.; Rev. J. Hanlon, Clinton, Ont.; Rev. D. J. Downey, Windsor, Ont.; Rev. L. Renaud, C.S.B., Detroit, Mich.; Rev. R. Grace, Hillsdale, Mich.; Rev. C. Linskey, Detroit, Mich.; Rev. H. Klenner, Detroit, Mich.

Mary, Star of the Sea.

As o'er the sea of life we go
To our eternal goal,
The bark so frail by Mary's kept,
From every dangerous shoal.

The lowering darkness sometimes falls
Upon the great wide deep ;
And blank despair overwhelms us,
As weary watch we keep.

The waves roll high on every side
The lightning flashes bright,
The thunders clash with mighty din
And fill our souls with fright.

But soon the gloom will fade away,
The bright star shine again,
Dispelling fear, and bringing hope
To weary sons of men.

For though from virtue's narrow course
Life's storm may blow us far,
Yet Mary ever is for us
Our brightest guiding star,

—C. A. B., '11.



A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL.

Christmas.

Christmas is almost upon us again. How rapidly the years pass away! How quickly we are reminded that the old year is dying! Once more the deathless tree of time is shedding its leaves and they lie on the ground to make a footing for the new year to tread upon. As always the future marches upon the dead leaves of the past. On these rest its hopes and its possibilities. "Nothing is great and good alone," says the poet, and the present is part of all the past. The aeroplane is born of the engine, the automobile and the balloon. So it ever is with man's work and man's life. To-day we live by the experiences of our forefathers. Commerce, government, morality, labor, religion—all issue out of the forge of experience.

One heritage we have, which bears us along the path of right and duty, making life cheerful, and diffusing over the human soul great calm and peace and good will. It

is the heritage of the first Christmas morn, the birth of the Christ-Child. God, emptied of the pomp and circumstance of Divinity, once for all coming down to earth under the guise of a helpless Babe, laid in a manger and wrapped in swaddling clothes, constitutes a spectacle unique in the annals of history for its persistence in the memories of men.

All too soon the child was lost to men, even as a dying leaf vanishes from its place on Autumn's robe of yellow, red and gold. But this leaf has not passed away. Instead it has spread itself out, growing wider and wider with the years, until it covers the whole Christian world like a rich Eastern carpet that yields to the impress of weary feet and soothes the aching brow that gently rests in the soft texture of its divinely-woven threads.

"Peace on earth, to men of good will" is the undying message that the tender Babe imparts to men. It is the Christmas message of the Divine Child. In the olden time men fought and tore each other like wild beasts, till the Christ-Child came, and straightway the door of the Temple of Janus was closed; and closed it would have remained till the end of the world had men received in a true spirit of docility the message and the message-bearer. And now, though the Divine messenger was re-rejected on Calvary and is rejected over and over again, He still persists in visiting the heart open to receive Him. At this time he knocks more loudly than usual at the door, seeking an entrance and a resting place in each individual heart. Well for the heart that opens at His knock. Truly the Christmas time which brings such a messenger is a season of great joy.

An Art of Courtesy.

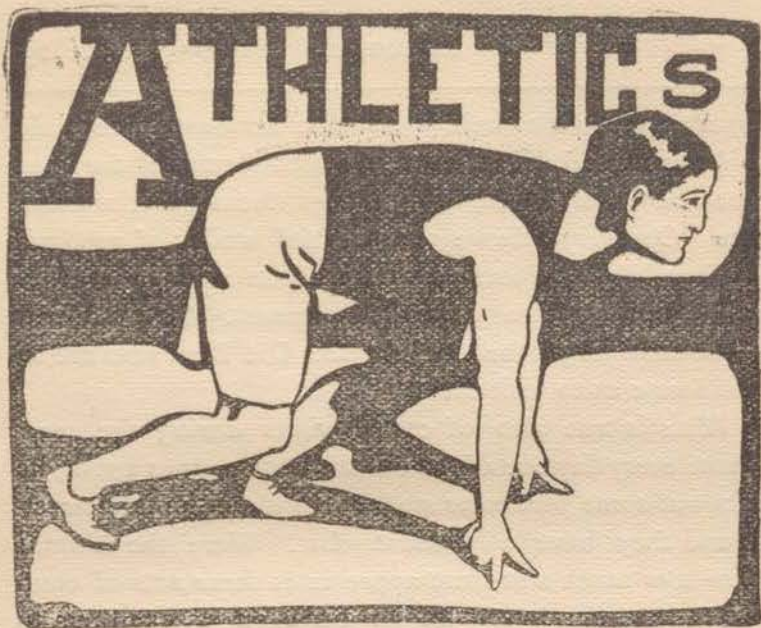
There is a feature of the Alumni meeting which is often overlooked. It is the largest "At Home" of the year for the students. When the Old Boys gather in on that day there is invariably some one in the students quarters whom they are anxious to see, and, we believe,

they enjoy the visit mainly on that account. Certainly the students find their visit pleasant because they see some one from home, who brings them all the home news. On every side we see cheerful smiles of recognition, hand-shaking and the other little social amenities that help so much to make life pleasant. The students do not soon forget the day nor the Old Boys who are so considerate as to visit them.

This is true also of casual visits during the year. Almost every day one of the old students pays us a visit, he seeks out some particular student in whom he is interested, and they have a pleasant chat. Were the Alumni aware how much a student appreciates these acts of courtesy, they would never let an occasion escape them to look in on their College friends. The boy who is made to feel in this way that his elders take an interest in his work and welfare is encouraged to respond to it with renewed effort. It is like a warm ray of sunshine striking through the dull clouds of a dark November day which brings warmth and good cheer to the shivering wayfarer. Though it may seem wasted and out of season, it eventually has its effect for good when it is most needed.

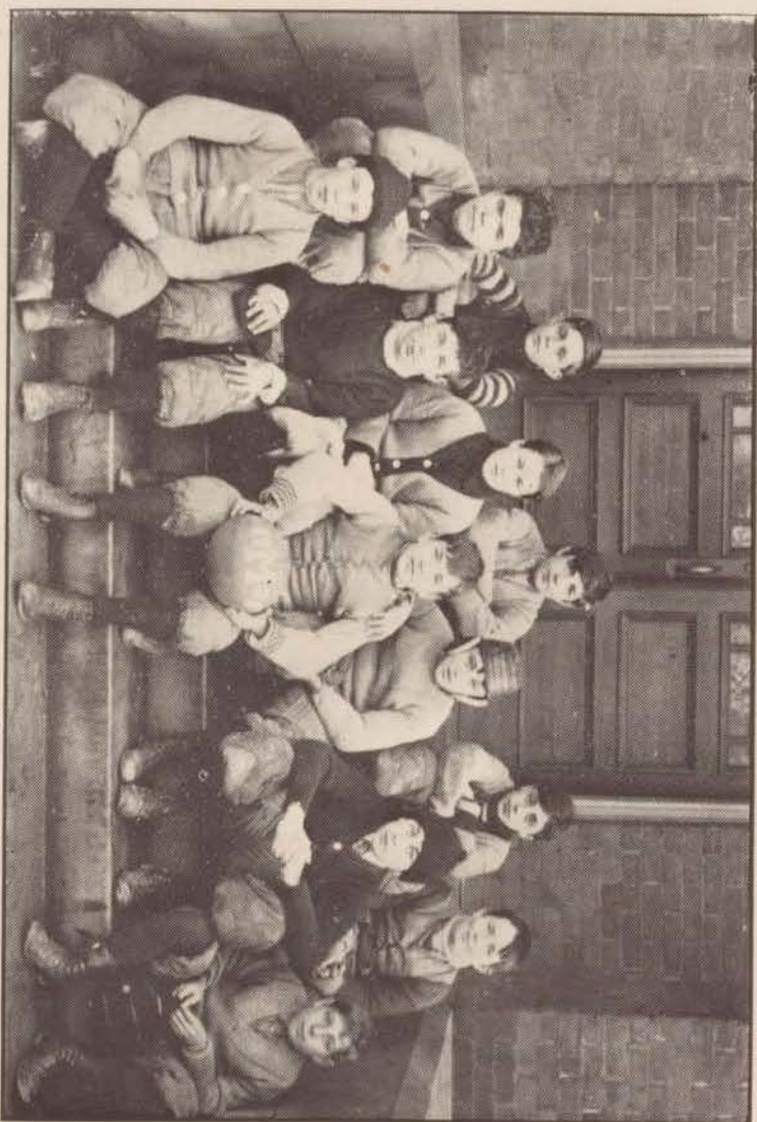
The Inquisition.

The Ferrer incident illustrates the misinterpretation of the Inquisition. Historical sketches without number have been written about the Spanish Inquisition, men have grown eloquent in their denunciations of it, until, in many minds it holds the place of honor on the shelf for storing the awful examples of human depravity. Here again we have the Spanish Nero with his thumb turned downwards, and click! Ferrer is only a memory. Of course Ferrer was executed. So was Czolgoz, and with much less ceremony. If the facts were known it would be found that the earlier Spanish courts were as much on the side of law and order, as the court which executed Ferrer, the Anarchist.



Association Foot-Ball.

Not a single afternoon of the week preceeding Nov. 13, when our last game was schednled with the Sons of England, did Captain Kennedy allow the soccorites to hang around. There were no wall flowers on the Stella grounds that week. Every man was in the game, and in for blood. Victory would place our boys on the top shelf with Walkerville for the Walker Cup, and defeat meant no chances for the championship. After an hour's play on the college field the result showed Assumption with the better figure. Up to date it was the most interesting game played on the college grounds. Both teams played hard, and at no time in the game, until late in the second half, when Assumption scored, did odds favor either side. Several good shots were made on both goals and it is hard to say which man in this position played the better game. Robinet did the shooting, and throughout the game starred on the offensive. His shot was such a "beauty" that the spectators seemed mystified for a few seconds, and then became conscious that it was real and demanded applause. If anyone doubts the efficiency of Mr. Croswaithe as a goal-keeper, let them appeal to the



Minims Rugby Team.

C. Taylor,	M. Martin,	J. Famularo
R. Slack,	N. Neiderprunn,	O. Meredith,
J. Dalton	E. Mardian,	L. Sang-lar
F. Shier,		

college forwards who kept him continuously busy stopping their swift shots. Heane and Geuch are both blessed with strong feet that featured in the game and ably assisted in holding the college sturdies. The line-up :

ASSUMPTION.		SONS OF ENGLAND.
J. Young	Goal	Croswaithe
J. Bell	Full-backs	Heane
F. Mooney	"	Geuch
T. Murphy	Half-backs	Cook
F. McQuillan	"	Wilson
L. Kennedy	"	Cullom
Stokes	Center	Ransome
W. J. Macguire	Forwards	Bennett
Bennie	"	A. E. Carter
A. McIntyre	"	Laurence
Robinet	"	Butterby

Referee—Costello.

Score—Assumption, 1 ; Sons of England, 0.

Championship Game.

Undoubtedly the most effective play of the game for the championship of the Peninsular League was that in which a brawny Walkerville Tiger (accidentally ?) put his knee into Joe Bell's stomach for a complete knockout. They got Joe early in the first half and the championship goes to Walkerville. At that it was a hard game from start to finish. Both teams were out to win, but the superior physique of the veterans and their rough tactics, which a green referee could not eliminate, gave them the game by the score of 1 to 0. As the score indicates the play was about even with the visitors superior around the goal. The field was wet and slippery and our speed boys were unable to show what they have in that line. Under the circumstances we could not have won, and we must admit that the Tigers from the distillery town have a strong and well-balanced team, and they showed unusual form in the game. For the College, Bell was the star despite his injury. On the forward line Robinet and Mc-

Intyre did some spectacular work and on one shot Robinet made it easily possible to score for the other wings, who did not attempt to take advantage of it because they thought that the ball was going through the goal. It rolled just outside the post and we lost our one best chance. The line-up :

ASSUMPTION.

J. Young
J. Bell
Cregg
F. Mooney
W. Moran
Stokes
V. Murphy
W. Macguire
F. Costello
McIntyre
C. Robinet

Goal
Full-backs
"
Half-backs
"
"
Center
Forwards
"
"
"

WALKERVILLE.

J. Wilson
Leishman
Eveson
G. Steward
H. Sutherland
G. Mooney
Graham
Eadie
Lindsay
G. Bowman
J. Lwan

Goal—Eadie.

Referee—Heane.

Time—Thirty minute halves.

Belvedere Rugby.

Two more victories have been added to the Belvedere roll. A delegation from Detroit College that tipped the scales with Brennan's recruits were taken into camp and trained to the tune of 33—0. Several costly fumbles deprived the home team of a much larger score. Fumbles, after Assumption's man had crossed the opponent's line, twice went for touch-backs; and many substantial gains were deleted by the same fault.

A second game, which was undoubtedly the fastest the Belvederes have played this year, was the game with the Hestons from "over the creek" Nov. 13. It was a case of science against weight. The college line-men assert that "a couple of those guys were as big as a house," and "Gee! He landed on me like a ton of brick." Each team managed to score one touchdown, but Milroy, for the visitors, kicked wide, and Dalton's pretty kick that

sent the oral spinning over the bar won the game for his crew by one point, 6-5. Brennan and Buchholz did spectacular work for the home team, while McGinnis repeated plunges through the visitors' line for remarkable gains called forth thrilling bursts of applause. Bartlett, Milroy and Sill starred for the Heston's.

The line-up was as follows :

ASSUMPTIONS.		HESTONS.
Dalton	Left end	Brang
Hanick	Left tackle	Torbert
G. Sullivan	Left Guard	Sales
Christe	Center	Van Anken
Higgins	Right guard	Hecht
Welty	Right tackle	Goodrich
Fitzmaurice	Right end	Wolfe
Brennan	Quarter	Armstrong
Buchholz	Left half	Sill
McGinnis	Full-back	Milroy, Capt.
T. Murray	Right half	Bartlett

Touchdowns—McGinnis, Milroy.

Goal kick—Dalton.

Score—Assumption, 6. Hestons, 5.

Referee—Mr. Farrell. Time—Twenty minute halves

BELVEDERES VS. WYANDOTTE.

The Wyandotte Indian Jrs, journeyed from the above-named town to our arena on the big American festival Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 25, in an attempt to stop the winning streak of the Belvedere squad. But the attempt was fruitless. They carry an Indian name, but they failed to hang their sign on the Collegians. The field was muddy, and this was accountable for some ragged playing. However, the game was as fast and interesting as could be expected on wet grounds; and though the Belvederes played in unprecedented form, they won by a large margin. Wyandotte had the kick-off, and Buchholz carried the ball about fifteen yards past center in the opponents' territory before he was brought to a halt. This put grea

ginger into our boys and the first signal called Murray round left end, to which he responded with a twenty-five yard gain. Fitzmaurice was the next to carry the oval and was not downed till he had crossed the ten yard line. Two plunges through the Indian's line and Assumption scored the first touchdown before five minutes of play. The visitors tightened up a little then and in the remaining time but four touchdowns were tallied. The final score was 26 to 0. We must commend our visitors for the way the line played where they could gain footing. Twice the home team had the ball a few feet from the line and were blocked, and forced to surrender the ox-hide after three attempts to make the ten yard stake. The greatest sensation of the day was the clearly executed criss-cross by Dalton and Fitzmaurice. It was a shame to take the money! Dalton made a forty-five yard dash for a touchdown and had a ten yard lead before Fitzmaurice's pursuers discovered he had passed the ball to the other end. Out of five goal-kicks by different players only one went for a point; but a wet ball affords an excuse for the inaccurate kicks. Capt. Brennan, the college quarter-back, is greatly responsible for the large figure against the Indians. He quickly discovered the weak spots in the Wyandotte line-up and played his team to take advantage of them. Heiss, captain of the visitors was "Johnie-on-the-spot" in obstructing forward passes in the college formation, and starred throughout the game. Thiede also played an excellent game. The line-up follows:

BELVEDERE.		WYANDOTTE.
Dalton	Left end	Heiss
Martin	Left tackle	Thiede
Hanick	Left guard	Reidy
Christi	Center	Merrett
L. Morand	Right guard	Demick
H. Logan	Right tackle	MacDonald
Fitzmorris	Left end	Mast
Brennan	Quarter	Gignac
Buchholz	Left half	Dolan
Fillion	Full-back	Shaderaugh
Murray	Right half	Neighfort

Final score—Belvederes, 26 ; Wyandotte Indians, 0.

Touchdowns—Fillion 2, Dalton 2, Brennan.

Goal-kick, Fillion.

Referee—Mr. Farrell.

The summary of games played by the Belvederes :

Oct. 2.—Carltons, 5 ; Belvederes, 5.

Oct. 9.—Wolverines of Windsor, 0 ; Belvederes, 16.

Oct. 23.—Carltons, 15 ; Belvederes, 5.

Nov. 11.—Det. College Reserves, 26 ; Belvederes, 0.

Nov. 13.—Hestons, 5 ; Belvederes, 6.

Nov. 18.—Det. College Humanities, 0 ; Belvederes, 32.

Nov. 25.—Wyandotte Indian Jrs., 0 ; Belvederes, 26.

Tai-Kun Rugby.

On Nov. 20th and 24th St. Leo's team of Detroit clashed with the Tai-Kuns on the college campus, and were twice trounced by the home team. The first game was close and is unique on the Tai-Kun schedule, being the only game in which the young "Purple and Whites" were scored upon. The score was 10 to 5. Both teams played hard from start to finish, and the first victory was due principally to the sturdy work of L. Morand and M. Martin. In this contest H. Logan also did great work in receiving forward passes, making several substantial gains. McGreevy, Israel, O'Donnell and Cavanaugh were most conspicuous among the visitors.

The second battle was not so interesting, and the outcome was manifest throughout. St. Leo's reported with eight men and were allowed to take volunteers from the Minim aggregation to help them out. The Detroiters were put in the shade 33 to 0, and though the Tai-Kuns were greatly strengthened by Buchholz in full-back, the class they showed assured the spectators that, had St. Leo's "All Stars" been playing, an attempt to score would have been useless. The following is St. Leo's first line-up against Assumption.

TAI-KUNS.

H. Logan

T. Lareau

Left end

Left tackle

ST. LEO'S.

McGreevy

E. Dolan

L. Barlum	Left guard	H. Soper
S. Fisher	Center	E. O'Donnell
T. Page	Right guard	E. Cavanaugh
J. Logan	Right Tackle	Moran J. Cavanaugh
B. Turner	Right end	R. Peters
D. Gotwald	Quarter	Harvey
L. Morand	Left half	B. Israel
M. Martin	Full back	A. Israel
L. Foster	Right half	A. Tighe

Touchdowns—L. Morand, M. Martin, Peters.

Score—Tai-Kuns, 10 ; St. Leo's, 5.

Referee—Mr. Farrell.

Umpire—Brennan

Time—Twenty minute halves.

TRINITY A. C. VS. TAI-KUNS.

Nov. 25th witnessed the only game that did not pass to the Tai-Kuns for a victory ; but it did not pass from them. It was a scoreless contest. The grounds were too wet for fast playing, and mud plunges were indulged in excessively. If there is any truth in the aphorism "mud baths are healthy," the "mud hens" who took part in this battle ought to live forever. Trinity A. C. is the only team on the Tai-Kun schedule that did not meet with defeat. The two teams fought for forty minutes without intermission, neither being able to cross the others line. Forward passes were resorted to frequently, but in most cases resulted in the loss of the ball or a penalty ; and thus the ball seldom went beyond the twenty-five yard line at either end of the field. In the last five minutes of play the collegians forced the enemy within five yards of their own line and Trinity A. C. pulled off an excellent forward pass to the left and that looked like a sure touchdown ; but Louie Morand took up the chase and constantly gained on the fugitive until he landed on his heels about twenty yards on the opposite side of center. A few downs, in which St. Vincents advanced the ball only a few feet, and all was over but the shouting.

HANCOCKS VS. TAI-KUNS.

The Tai-Kuns closed the schedule of '09 with a victory over the Hancocks, of Detroit, who came to avenge the defeats recently dealt St. Leo's. The Tai-Kuns were

outweighed in most positions, but they out-classed the Hancocks in plays where weight was not the important factor. Our backs seldom hit the Hancock line for any considerable gain, but they showed up on end-runs. Buchholz made the only touch-down in the game, and with Brennan and O. Conger, made a strong defense for the college. R. Peters and W. Ball starred for the Hancocks in open tackles. The score was Tai-Kuns, 5; Hancocks, 0.

Rugby season '09 has been most successful for the Tai-Kuns. They have well supported the banner set up for them by last year's team in the same department of the campus, and promises Assumption great success in a few years as a representative team. They have taken every game except one, which was a tie, and allowed only one team to score on them as may be seen from the summary.

Sept. 25.—Tai-Kuns, 21; Crescents, 0.
 Oct. 16.—Tai-Kuns, 20; Ouellettes, 0.
 Nov. 6.—Tai-Kuns, 23; Orinocos, 0.
 Nov. 13.—Tai-Kuns, 29; Leopoids, 0.
 Nov. 17.—Tai-Kuns, 11; Orinocos, 0.
 Nov. 20.—Tai-Kuns, 10; St. Leos, 5.
 Nov. 24.—Tai-Kuns, 37; St. Leos, 0.
 Nov. 25.—Tai-Kuns, 0; Trinity A. C., 0.
 Dec. 4.—Tai-Kuns, 5; Hancocks, 0.

Minims.

The youngsters have been very unfortunate with their schedule, and out of six promising games they played only three; two with Sandwich and one with Detroit College Minims. They won these three, however, and showed exceptional speed, especially against Detroit College where they were outweighed. The score in these games were 17 to 6 and 29 to 0 against Sandwich, and 5 to 0 against Detroit College. The boys who kept rugby alive on the lower college campus this year are Elmer Mardian, captain, Norbert Neiderprum, secretary, E. Mather, L. Sanglier, E. Lamerand, Meredith, M. Morand, F. Shearer, R. Slack, C. Green, J. Burns, J. Singelyn, A. Singelyn, H. Quermbach, J. Famularo and Maurice Sullivan.

—JOSEPH FILLION, '12.



Rev. F. X. Semande, '76, had a very narrow escape from asphyxiation at his presbytery in Amherstburg, Ont., on Wednesday, November 24. The furnace went out of order allowing a considerable amount of coal gas to escape. The next morning Father Semande was found unconscious and in a very critical state. However he quickly recovered, and, excepting a slight weakness, is now quite well.

Italian climate did not agree with Mr. U. Langlois, First Philosophy, '07, and his intended sojourn of seven years was shortened to two. "Ubanks" joined the Oblate Fathers not long after leaving Assumption, and was almost immediately sent to Rome to attend their college in the Eternal City. After spending a few days with his parents and visiting some of his old friends he will go to Edmonton, Alberta, where he hopes his health will be repaired by the bracing climate of the Canadian Northwest.

Mr. R. McCabe, Commercial, '09, is a clerk in the large elevator at Emmett, Mich.

Little did M. J. Kingsley, '07, think of Homer and Trigonometry when on November 23, he and Miss F. Lachance were married. The ceremonies took place in St. Bernard's Church, Ste. Claire Heights, Mich., the home of the bride. Joe is a Hudson boy and a worthy descendant of the builder of the Half-Moon. Congratulations, Joe, old boy, and may Heaven shower down its blessings upon your happy union.

Another case of gas escape caused the death of Mr. Raymond Kelly, '05, of Windsor, the accident occurring on November 14, at his home on 84 Janette Avenue. The young man was 21 years of age, bright, healthy and with a very promising future. We deeply sympathize with the parents and relatives of the deceased in their sad bereavement.

Friends of the College will confer a favor on us by forwarding to Rev. T. Moylan, Secretary Alumni Association, the names and addresses of old students.

The List of Contributors to Chapel Fund.

Rev. Fr. Andrieux.....	\$ 10 00
“ J. Aylward	100 00
“ T. Boubat.....	5 00
“ L. A. Beaudoin	25 00
Mr. A. Blonde	5 00
Rev. L. Brady.....	100 00
“ M. J. Brady.....	5 00
“ L. Brancheau.....	25 00
“ J. P. Brennan	10 00
“ J. M. Brokaw.....	100 00
“ F. Buckley.....	10 00
“ J. Cahalan	100 00
“ E. Caldwell	80 00
Dr. R. Casgrain	100 00
Rev. P. Chalandard	15 00
“ R. Champion.....	25 00
“ C. Connelly.....	70 00
“ C. Collins.....	60 00

Rev. M. Comeford	\$ 100 00
“ R. Command	10 00
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“ Wm. Heydon	20 00
“ H. Hillenmeyer	25 00

Rev. James Hogan.....	10 00
“ T. Hussey (Det.)	10 00
“ T. Hussey (Lon.).....	20 00
“ Fr. James, O. F. M.,	10 00
“ J. Joos	25 00
“ F. Keeley	3 00
“ E. Kelly	50 00
“ F. Kennedy (Lon.)	50 00
“ H. Klenner.....	20 00
“ H. Koelzer.....	30 00
“ Fr. Krebs	5 00
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Rev. P. L'Heureux.....	50 00
“ F. H. Lorandau.....	25 00
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“ H. D. McCarthy	25 00
“ E. J. McCormick	75 00
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Mr. C. E. Mason	25 00
Rev. M. Meathe	75 00
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Miss Miller	1 00
Rev. P. J. Mugan.....	5 00
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Mr. M. Murray	10 00
Rev. A. H. Nacey.....	10 00
“ D. Needham	10 00
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Rev. T. Noonan	50 00
" G. Northgraves	8 00
Very Rev. F. O'Brien.....	100 00
Rev. R. O'Brien	100 00
" P. O'Connel.....	50 00
" J. O'Brien	50 00
Very Rev. B. O'Connell.....	30 00
Rev. P. O'Donohue	50 00
Mr. E. O'Keefe.....	20 00
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" F. Powell	10 00
" J. Powers.....	10 00
Mr. D. Quarry	10 00
Rev. F. Rupert	50 00
" T. Rafter	10 00
" J. Ryan	10 00
" J. Scanlon	25 00
" J. P. Sharpe, C. S. B	25 00
Mr. M. Sherhy	5 00
Rev. J. M. Schriber.....	100 00
" J. F. Smith.....	80 00
" E. P. Stanton.....	10 00
" J. Stanley.....	50 00
" J. Stapleton	45 00
" M. D. St. Cyr	5 00
" H. D. Sullivan.....	110 00
" E. Taylor.....	10 00
" A. P. Ternes	40 00
" J. Thornton	50 00
" J. Tobin.....	50 00
" T. Vallentine	10 00
" F. J. VanAntwerp	300 00
" L. Von Mach	10 00
" J. Wall	20 00
" D. J. Waters.....	25 00
" A. Weber	45 00
" T. West	20 00
" J. Wheeler	10 00
" F. White	25 00
" E. Wolfstyn	20 00

The College Play.

The annual public entertainment staged by the Dramatic Club was again a complete success, financially, artistically, and every other way. "The Cross of St. John's," is a fine acting play and affords many opportunities for both comic and tragic impersonation together with dramatic climaxes. Of these our Thespians took advantage and won the frequent applause of a very large audience. The action of the play is concerned with the downfall of a wealthy merchants' son through gambling, and his final conversion, through the generous sacrifice of a clerk in his father's employ. Mr. Joseph Fillion as young Schulman, had the best part and did exceptionally well. As Balthazar Merx, Mr. Hugh McGinnis showed the finish of a professional actor. The part of the misguided young man was ably acted by Mr. Cornelius Bates, and well supported by his evil genius in the person of Mr. William Flanagan. The comedy was supplied by Mr. Thos. Murray and Mr. George Richardson. In truth, the success of the play was mainly due to the fact that every member of the cast acted well.

Cast of Characters.

Balthazar Merx, leather merchant.....	H. McGinnis
Simeon Merx, his son.....	C. A. Bates
Theodore Manville, Simeon's cousin.....	W. Flanagan
Schulman, youth in employ of Merx.....	J. Fillion
Bonaventure, aged man, ditto	A. Brehler
Cornelius Kedge, as Lord Flushington,.....	G. Richardson
Samson Snooze, as Hon. Lumplin Lightlaw...	T. Murray
Baron de Beaumonde	C. Robinet
Colonel von Blusterbob.	A. McIntyre
Jean, a Waiter.....	T. Dillon
Lacon Lester, an English Student	M. Brisson
Provost of Ghent.....	W. Rottach
Curate of St. John's.....	F. Costello
Advocate General	L. LeBoeuf
Judge	J. Young
Officers.....	A. Higgins, G. Sullivan
Counsel.....	A. Finn
Clerk	T. Moran
Court Usher.....	N. O'Connor

Chronicle.

Alfred has departed !!!

Handball season has opened with a host of aspirants working out for the League which will be formed in the near future.

It is with feelings of the deepest sympathy that the Student Body recalls the absence of one from among their ranks who has won the respect and good will of his fellow students. Mr. John Calahan has lately left for his home in Cleveland where he lies in a very critical condition.

One of our old students, Mr. M. Malarny, has lately favored us with a visit. Maurice saw fit to discontinue his studies after completing his third year in the Academic course to continue in a different profession.

A very successful Football Season is drawing to a close. The Rugbyites have proven themselves a "classy bunch," having won nearly every game this season, chiefly owing to the excellent coaching of Mr. Farrell. The Soccerites not to be outdone by the "American Sport," climbed to the summit of the Peninsular League only to be plucked by that sturdy Walkerville team in the game for the "Walker Cup."

As "Stan" sat down and pondered
O'er a letter he'd received,
A friend stood by and wondered
Why the reader seemed so grieved.
When he asked the cause for sorrow
From the letter Stanley read,
"I'll not be at the train tomorrow
The old Bay Mare is dead."

On the 23rd ult. the Dramatic Society held a very instructive meeting. Rev. Fr. Howard commended the members on their ability as dramatists, which they had lately proven themselves in the production: "The Cross of St. John's." The regular program was opened with a

number of drills in physical culture followed by an interesting recitation entitled "Barbara Fretchie," by Mr. E. Hanick. Mr. L. Leboeuf then regaled the members with a very humorous parody on that well-known Poe-masterpiece, "The Raven." The originality of the orator, and the tact by which he converted Poe's wierdness into humor was sufficient evidence that the speaker was thoroughly acquainted with his subject. "Spartacus to the Gladiators" was the title of a recitation delivered by Mr. C. Bates. In this the speaker, by his excellent delivery, won the hearty applause of his audience. Mr. Bondy next entertained the spectators with an universal and a lofty theme: "Edinburgh After Flodden." Last but not least came Mr. A. Brehler, who expounded to his listeners a few facts from the Methodist ritual under the title of "A Volunteer Organist." This selection concluded the evenings programme, after which the meeting adjourned.

November 25th found the program uninterrupted here and the work progressing as usual, but a number of Uncle Tom's turkeys wandered in and only wish-bones are left to tell the sad tale.

Our advertising agent, Mr. L. Roberge, is a hustler and his energetic work on the REVIEW staff is worthy of commendation.

The Literary work for the month of November was concluded on the 30th, when its members assembled to a most interesting and instructive meeting. An essay on that renowned Egyptian Queen, Cleopatra, was well delivered by Mr. F. McQuillan as the initial number of the meeting. Following him, Mr. J. Fillian, in tones of true clerical accent, delivered a touching "Sermon." "The Minister's Mistake," selected from Mother Goose' Nursery Rhymes, chapter 23, verse ditto. To sustain the elevated feelings inspired in the audience by the former speaker, Mr. Rottach gave his listeners a psychological treatise on a very sensitive subject, namely, "Feeling."

That the Suffragates are not struggling for an unjust cause was confirmed by Mr. C. Merkle in an excellent speech. "Is Literature well paid?" "Yes indeed," declaimed Mr. E. DePuydt, as he proceeded to expound statements which truly verified his assertion. The steady change and gradation of the language of our country was fully explained by Mr. E. Mackey in an essay entitled "The English Language." The regular programme of the evening having been concluded, Rev. Fr. Roach, Pres. of the Society, proceeded with a few hints and cautions on Borrowed Expressions. The remainder of the evening was spent in extemporaneous debating.

We were lately favored with a visit from Rev. J. Klick. Although very brief it was appreciated by the students as signified by the applause on Fr. Klick's entrance to the Dining Hall. We haven't forgotten the "speedy" pitcher who upheld our baseball honors for the past five years, and we can only wish him the success as a Cleric that he won as a pitcher.

An interesting meeting of St. Basil's Literary Society was called to order on the 16th ult., with Mr. J. Bell as first speaker. He gave a very vivid and interesting account of the famous Battle of Waterloo, and was followed by Mr. G. Brennan, another historian, who enumerated a few facts which make the Battle of Marathon the frontispiece in Ancient History. "A Parallelism between the Sixteenth and Nineteenth Centuries" was the topic of an essay delivered by Mr. C. Bates, in which the speaker fully synopsisized the annals of the two Centuries. Mr. S. Brisson, another Essayist, then entertained the audience with a few facts entitled "College Training as a Foundation to Success." Undoubtedly the most modern and best enjoyed subject of the evening was "The Hudson-Fulton Celebration," by Mr. A. Brehler. That "Habit" is something personal to all was well shown by the last speaker of the evening, Mr. J. Dalton.

We are deeply indebted to Mr. J. Harrigan and Mr. F. McQuillan for generous donations to the Chapel furnishings.

LEO W. KENNEDY, '12.

Exchanges.

The S. M. I. Exponent of November, open with an essay entitled "Greek Drama In Its Making." The paper differs from most of its kind in that it is both interesting to the end and of proper length. We have for it sincerest praise. "How Swifty Won His Game," is indeed a very attractive production as far as it deals with athletics. Its effect as a whole is marred by an ending which we might expect to find at the conclusion of a schoolboy's novel, one of those story-book presentations of a check. We would suggest that the author base his stories a little more on the stern realities of life and not follow too closely in the tracks of men like Alger, Henty and the many others who write solely to please the children. "A Lonely Grave," brings before us again the constancy of a mother's love. A few poems would add much to the merit of *The Exponent*.

In *The Columbiad* is found an analysis of Irving's style. The essay is written in an orderly, comprehensive manner and is a model in its own class. Passing on a few pages we have two stories both of which smack of Sherlock Holmes or Dupin. We would suggest, however, that Dingbat Dick's Creator eliminate the "ten-cent" tone in his productions. Poems dealing with many and various subjects adorn *The Columbiad*. What music was it that inspired a certain youthful prodigy to extol "His Queen?" His attempt was so unique that we are inclined to believe that Macaulay was right, at least in some measure, when he said that poets are a little unsound mentally.

We wish all our Ex. men a Merry Christmas.

We also gratefully acknowledge the receipt of—

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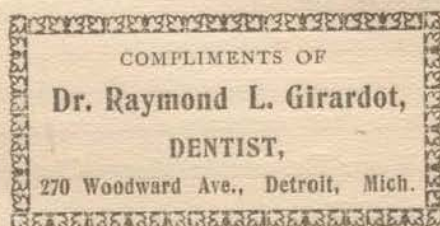
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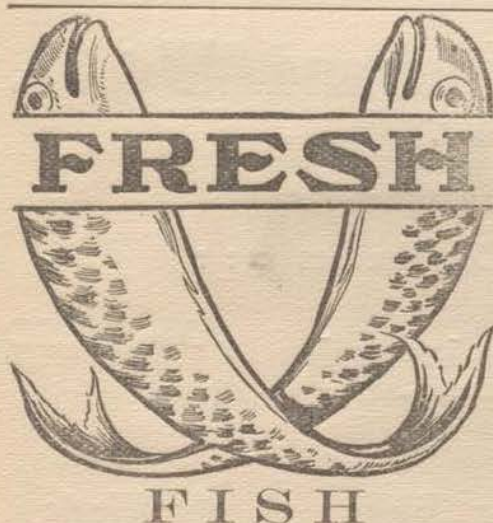
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